



DOUBLE-SIZED  
350th ISSUE!



# DAREDEVIL

SOMETIMES  
THE PAST  
CAN KILL...



R.W.  
WAR



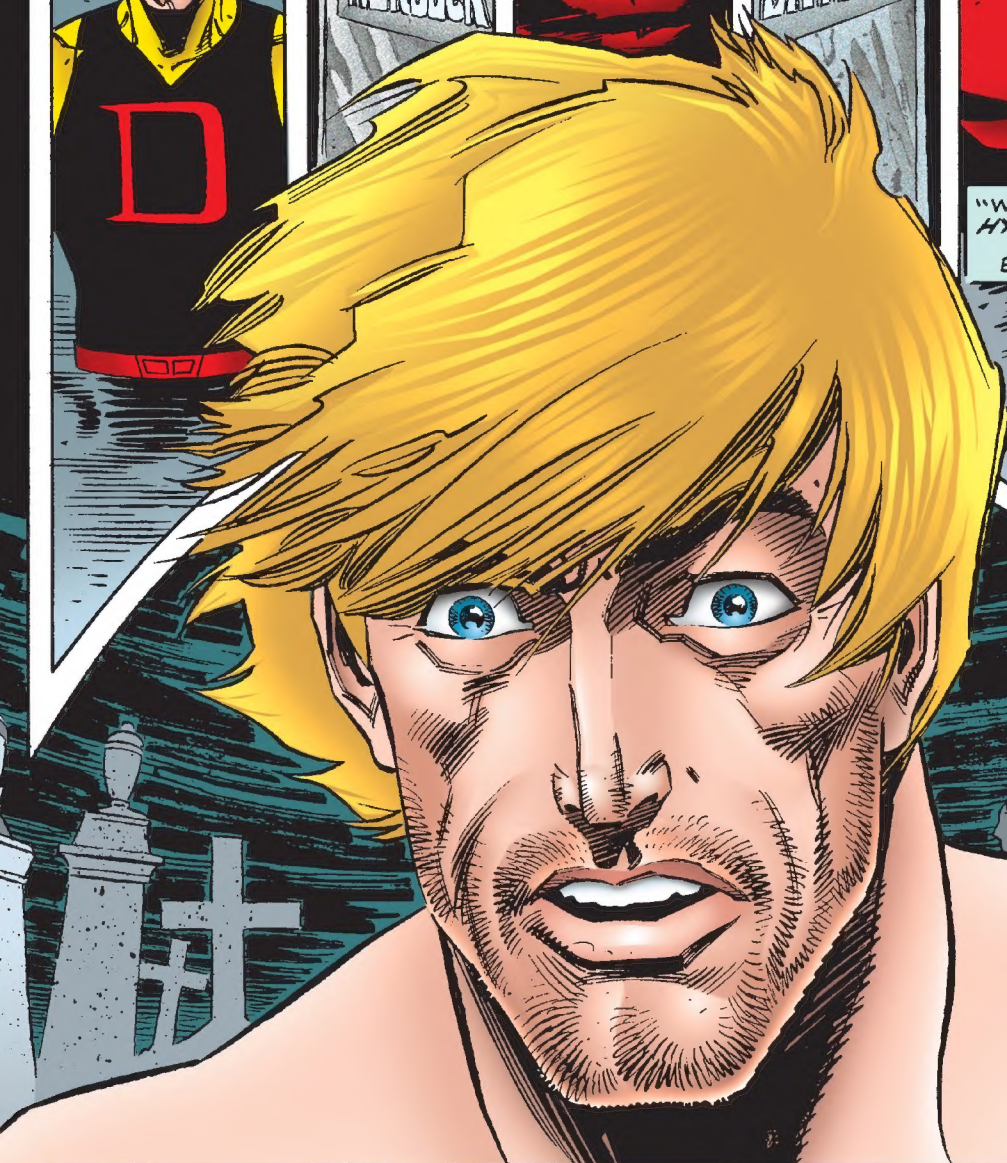
"I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE  
THINKIN', KID: THIS CAN'T  
BE HAPPENING."



"THIS CAN'T  
BE REAL."



"WELL, USE THOSE  
HYPER-SENSES  
OF YOURS,  
BLIND MAN--"



J.M. DEMATTEIS, PLOT/SCRIPT (PAGES 1-20) IVAN VALEZ, JR., SCRIPT (PAGES 22-47)  
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MALIBU-COMPUTER COLOR





--AND TELL  
ME WHAT YOU  
"SEE."

WHAT MATT MURDOCK  
SEES... IS HIMSELF.

THREE SELVES  
TO BE PRECISE.

MATTHEW  
MURDOCK

JACK  
BATLIN

THREE COSTUMES  
THAT HE'S WORN.  
THREE DAREDEVILS  
THAT HE'S BEEN.

AS THEY CIRCLE HIM  
WARILY, MATT INTUITIVELY  
UNDERSTANDS THAT, BY THE  
TIME THIS MOMENTOUS  
NIGHT IS OVER, ONLY ONE  
DAREDEVIL WILL BE LEFT.  
AND HE'S NOT AT ALL  
CERTAIN...

...THAT THE SURVIVOR  
WILL BE HIM.

# PARADISO

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THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!

IMPOSSIBLE OR NOT... IT'S HAPPENING.

AND YOU'D BETTER ACCEPT IT-- IF YOU WANNA STAY IN ONE PIECE.

STICK SPEAKS, AS HE ALWAYS DOES, WITH AUTHORITY. AND MATT, AS HE ALWAYS HAS, ACCEPTS THAT AUTHORITY. ACCEPTS THE TRUTH IN STICK'S WORDS.

THIS MAN, AFTER ALL, IS ONE OF THE CHASTE-- AN ANCIENT ORDER OF MYSTIC WARRIORS. MORE IMPORTANT, HE'S MATT'S TEACHER. IF NOT FOR STICK, MATT MIGHT NEVER HAVE ADJUSTED TO HIS BLINDNESS OR MASTERED HIS HYPER-SENSES.

HE MIGHT NEVER HAVE BECOME DAREDEVIL.

RAAAAK

CLIKT!

TOOM!

AND CONSIDERING THE CURRENT SITUATION...

TAKT!

MAYBE THAT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SUCH A BAD THING.

"BUT A MAN CAN'T KEEP HIS ARROGANCE IN ONE CORNER... HIS HUMILITY IN ANOTHER. HIS PAIN OVER HERE... HIS JOY, THERE.

Y'KNOW WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS, MATT? YOU COMPARTMENTALIZE.

YOU'VE BEEN FRAGMENTING YOURSELF SINCE YOU WERE A KID, TAKING ALL THE BROKEN PIECES OF YOURSELF--

--AND FILING 'EM AWAY IN LITTLE BOXES INSIDE YOUR HEAD.

"THE CONTRADICTIONS HAVE TO COEXIST... STRIKE A BALANCE... OR HE'LL JUST--"



"--EXPLODE."

AND THANK GOD I HAD SOME FRIENDS WHO WERE WILLING TO PICK UP THE PIECES!

MAYBE I HAVEN'T FOUND THE BALANCE YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...YET-- BUT I'M NOT RUNNING FROM THE GHOSTS OF MY PAST ANYMORE.\*

\*SEE OUR RECENT ISSUES. IT'S TOO COMPLICATED TO EXPLAIN HERE.  
--JAMES

I ALREADY DID THAT, STICK!

WHAT ABOUT HIM, KID?

YOU DONE RUNNING FROM HIM?

HE'S WEARING A MASK--BUT HE'S NOT DAREDEVIL.

HE'S JUST AN ANGRY BOY--WHOSE FATHER WAS MURDERED.

AND HE WANTS THE GUYS WHO DID IT T'PAY FOR IT.

HE WANTS 'EM BEATEN AND BLOODY... HE WANTS 'EM DEAD--



"--AN' HE  
DOESN'T CARE  
WHO GETS IN  
THE WAY."

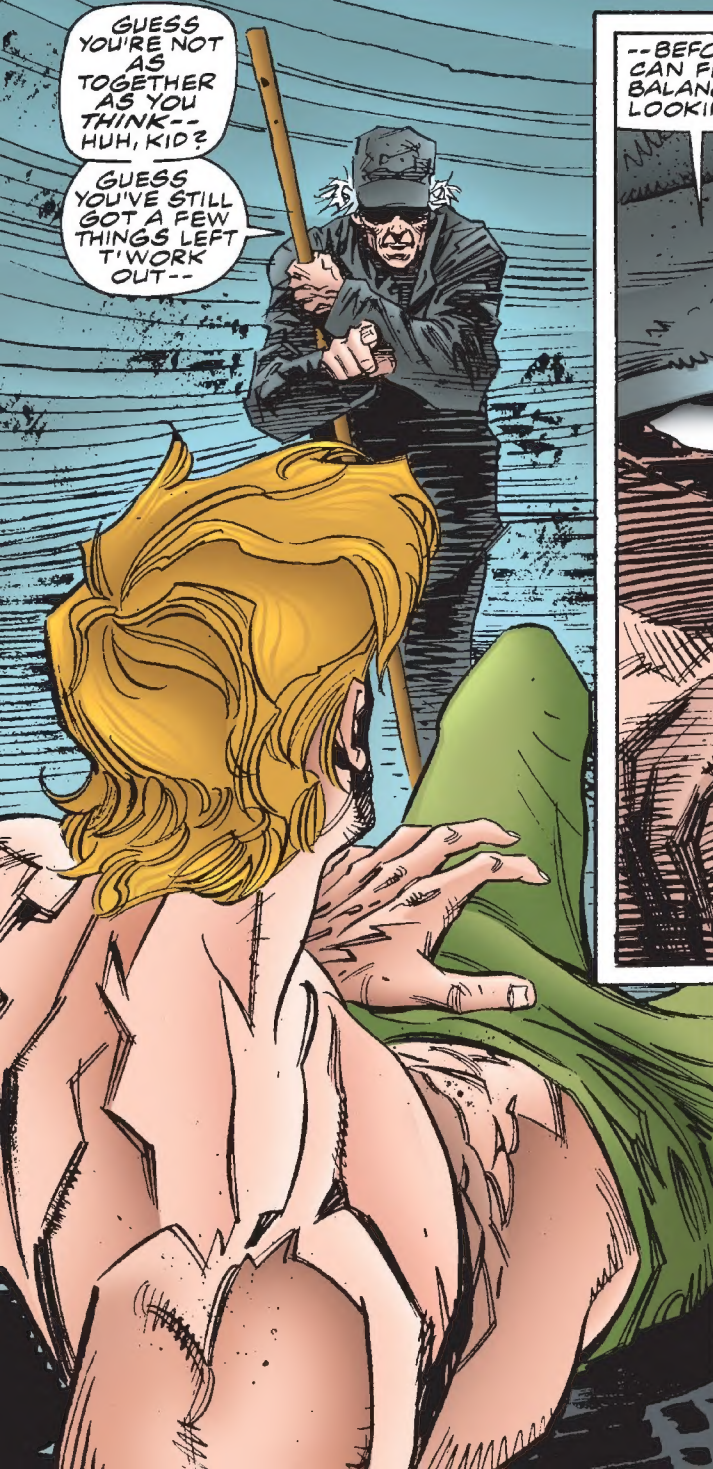
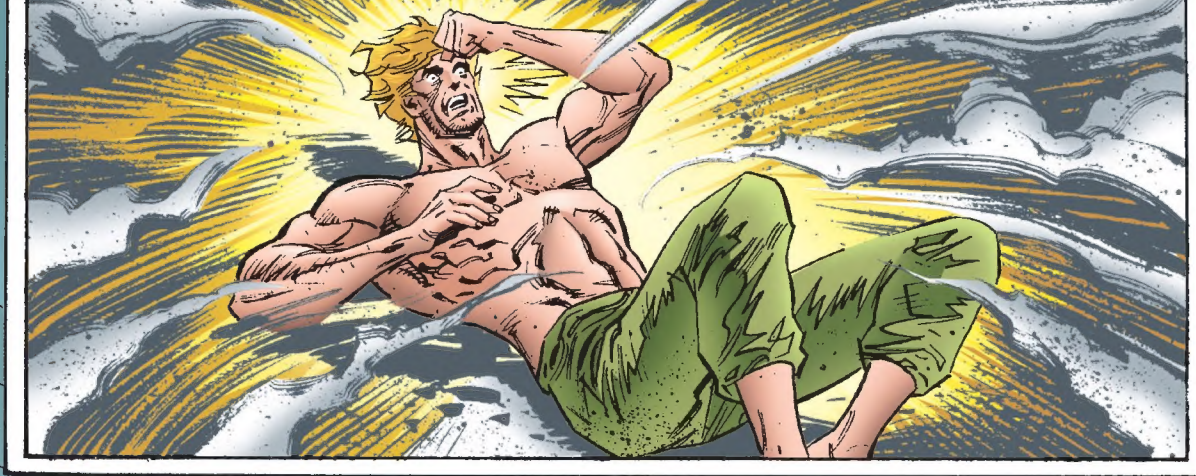
SPAKK

CHUDD

STENNYT!







GUESS YOU'RE NOT AS TOGETHER AS YOU THINK-- HUH, KID?

GUESS YOU'VE STILL GOT A FEW THINGS LEFT T'WORK OUT--

--BEFORE YOU CAN FIND THAT BALANCE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.

I'LL BE BACK, MATT--

--WHEN YOU'RE READY FOR ME.

STICK-- WAIT! PLEASE!

I CAN'T DO THIS ALONE!

HE CAN'T.





BUT HE WILL.

THIS IS WHERE  
IT HAPPENED.

HE'D BARGED IN, AS HE OFTEN DID  
(OFTEN DOES, HE REMINDS HIMSELF):  
RUNNING ON ADRENALINE AND RAGE.  
TOO LITTLE THOUGHT, TOO MUCH  
ACTION.



HE'D BARGED IN--AND  
FOUND HIMSELF SUR-  
ROUNDED BY THE WOMEN.  
--HIS HYPER-SENSES  
BLURRED BY THEIR SCREAMS  
AND CHEAP PERFUME.

THEY WERE ALL OVER HIM;  
CLAWING AND KICKING,  
POUNING AND SPITTING.

THEY WANTED HIM DEAD.

AND HE DEFENDED  
HIMSELF...DES-  
PERATELY.--LASHED  
OUT BLINDLY.

BACK THEN, HE WAS  
EVERYTHING STICK--  
AND MORE:  
AN ANGRY KID WHOSE  
FATHER WAS MURDERED,  
WHO WANTED THE MEN  
WHO DID IT TO PAY.

MAYBE NOT JUST  
THE MEN WHO DID IT.

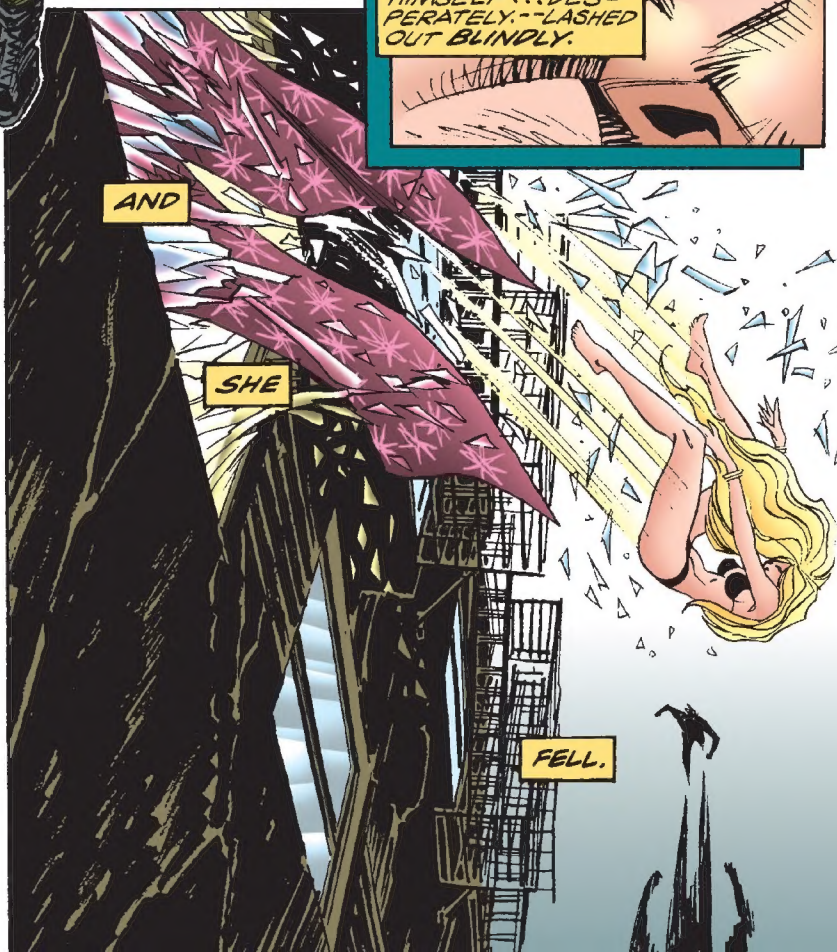
MAYBE THE WHOLE  
WORLD.

HE'D TRACKED ONE  
OF THEM HERE, A  
HOUSE OF PROSTITU-  
TION, FREQUENTED BY  
MOB LOWLIFES.

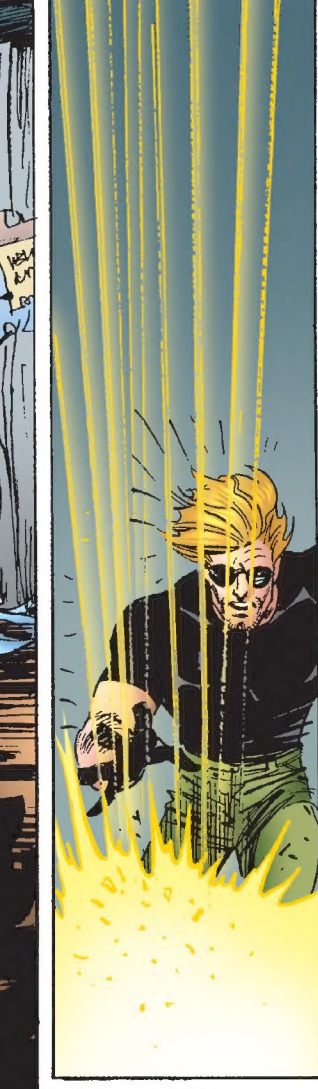
AND

SHE

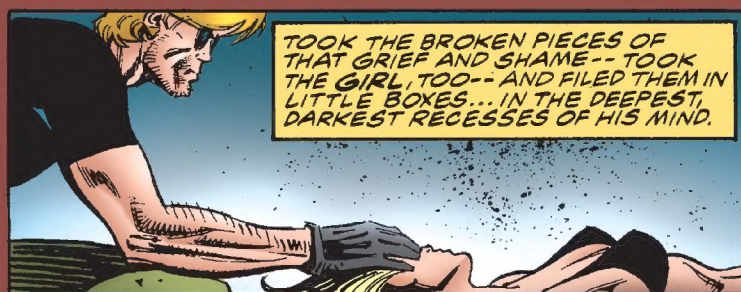
FELL.



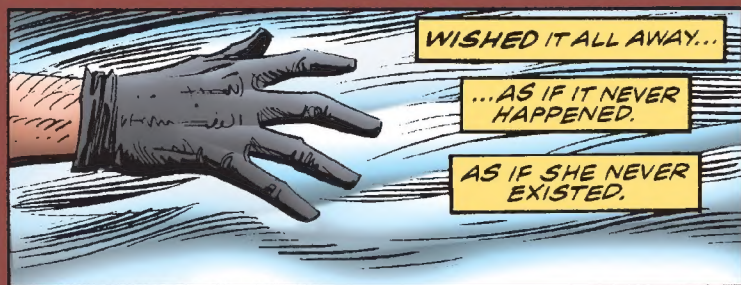




THE SHAME AND THE GUILT OF THAT GIRL'S DEATH WERE TOO MUCH TO BEAR, SO HE DID WHAT HE ALWAYS DID TO SURVIVE; WHAT STICK SAID HE DID (AND WHY, MATT THINKS, IS THAT MAN ALWAYS RIGHT?):



TOOK THE BROKEN PIECES OF THAT GRIEF AND SHAME-- TOOK THE GIRL, TOO-- AND FILED THEM IN LITTLE BOXES... IN THE DEEPEST, DARKEST RECESSES OF HIS MIND.



WISHED IT ALL AWAY...

...AS IF IT NEVER HAPPENED.

AS IF SHE NEVER EXISTED.



BUT IT HAPPENED.



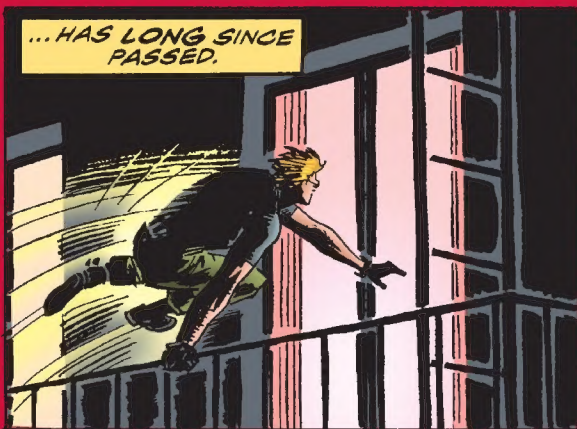
SHE EXISTED.



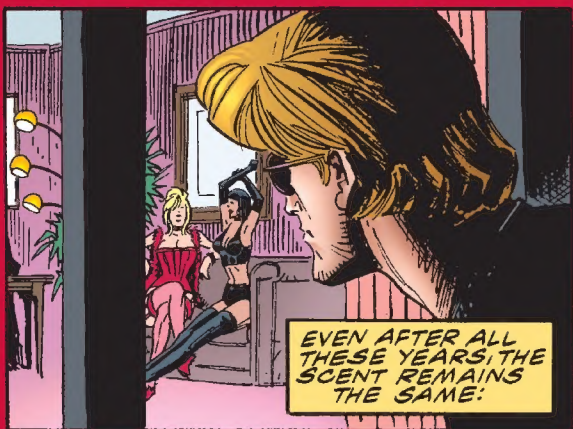
AND THE TIME FOR WISHING THE BAD THINGS AWAY...



...HAS LONG SINCE PASSED.



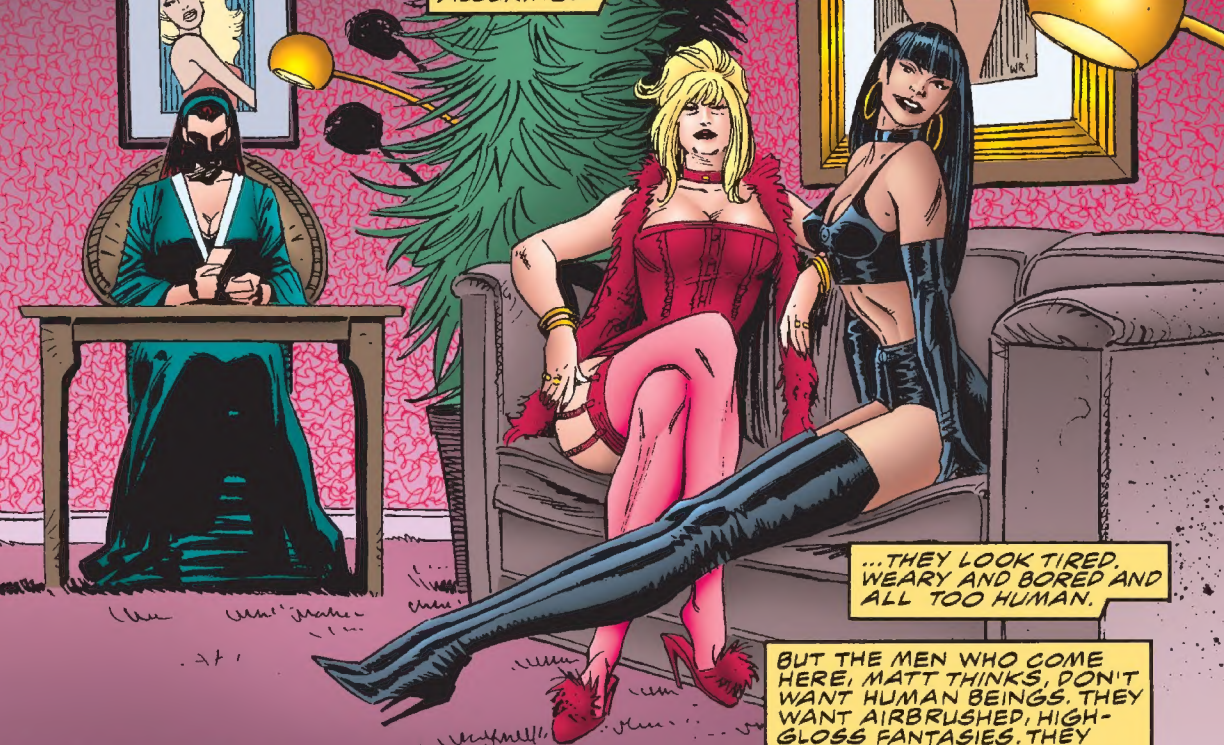
EVEN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, THE SCENT REMAINS THE SAME:



CHEAP PERFUME. CHEAPER SEX.



BUT ALONE...WITHOUT THEIR CUSTOMERS PAWING THEM, WITHOUT THE FLAMBOYANT ROLES THEY ASSUME, THE ELABORATE GAMES THEY PLAY, THESE WOMEN DON'T LOOK ALLURING...



...THEY LOOK TIRED, WEARY AND BORED AND ALL TOO HUMAN.

BUT THE MEN WHO COME HERE, MATT THINKS, DON'T WANT HUMAN BEINGS. THEY WANT AIRBRUSHED, HIGH-GLOSS FANTASIES. THEY WANT WOMEN WHO COULD NEVER POSSIBLY EXIST.

BUT WHO ALWAYS DO...



...IF THE PRICE IS RIGHT.

HEY--

EVENING, LADIES.





--WHO THE  
#5070#  
ARE YOU?!

THEY RUSH  
FORWARD--  
AND HE SEES  
IT ALL AGAIN  
IN HIS MIND'S  
EYE:

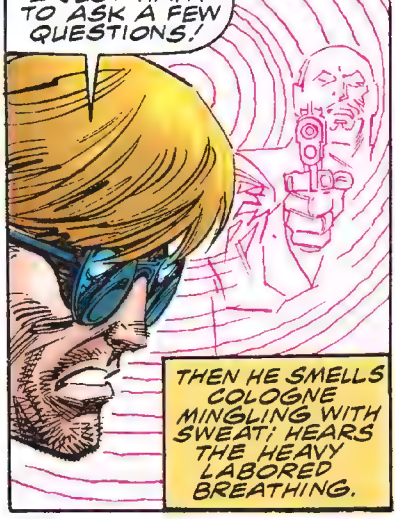
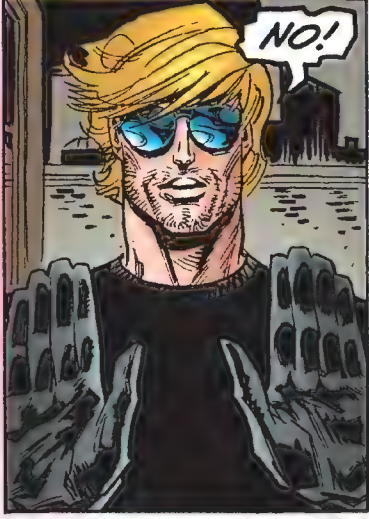
THE CLAWING AND KICKING.  
THE SHATTERING GLASS.  
THE FALLING BODY.

I'M NOT HERE TO  
HURT ANYONE!

I JUST WANT  
TO ASK A FEW  
QUESTIONS!

THEN HE SMELLS  
COLOGNE  
MINGLING WITH  
SWEAT; HEARS  
THE HEAVY  
LABORED  
BREATHING.

NO!



THE GUN  
BEING  
COCKED.

ONLY  
QUESTION I'M  
GONNA LET  
YOU ASK,  
DIRTBAG--

--IS WHERE  
YOU WANT THE  
BULLET.







TOFFET

LHAAAK

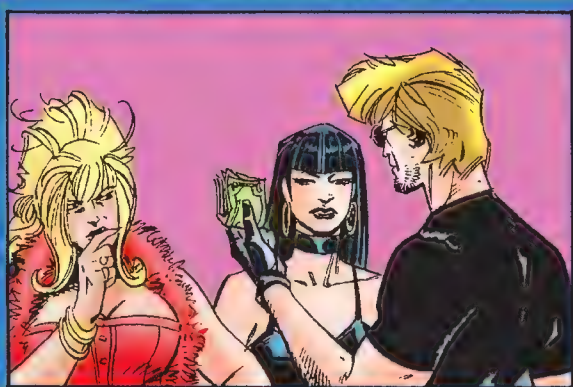
NOW...  
AS I WAS  
SAYING--

--I WANT TO  
ASK YOU A FEW  
QUESTIONS--

--AND I'M  
WILLING TO  
PAY FOR THE  
ANSWERS.







I'M BABE.  
THIS HERE'S  
SHEILA.

WHADDAYA WANNA  
KNOW?



THERE WAS A GIRL WHO  
WORKED HERE... A FEW  
YEARS BACK, SHE GOT  
CAUGHT IN THE MID-  
DLE OF SOMETHING,  
TOOK A HEADER OUT  
THE WINDOW.

I'VE ONLY BEEN  
HERE A FEW  
MONTHS... BUT  
BABE--

-- SHE'S BEEN  
RUNNING  
THE PLACE  
FOR TWENTY  
YEARS.

SEVENTEEN  
YEARS, T'BE PRECISE.  
BUT WHO'S  
COUNTING?

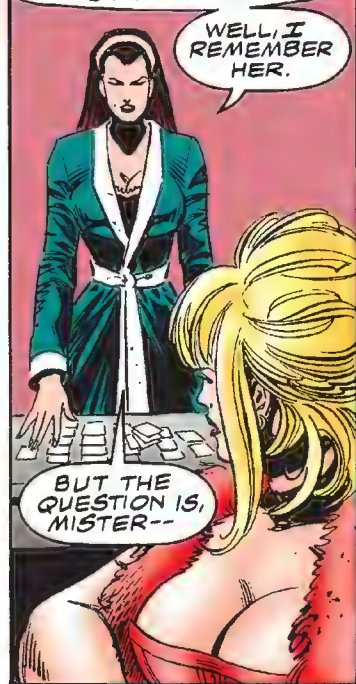
YOU  
REMEMBER  
THE GIRL?

I REMEMBER  
THE MESS. THEY  
PRACTICALLY  
HADDA SCRAPE  
THAT POOR  
KID OFF THE  
SIDEWALK.

WHAT  
WAS HER  
NAME?

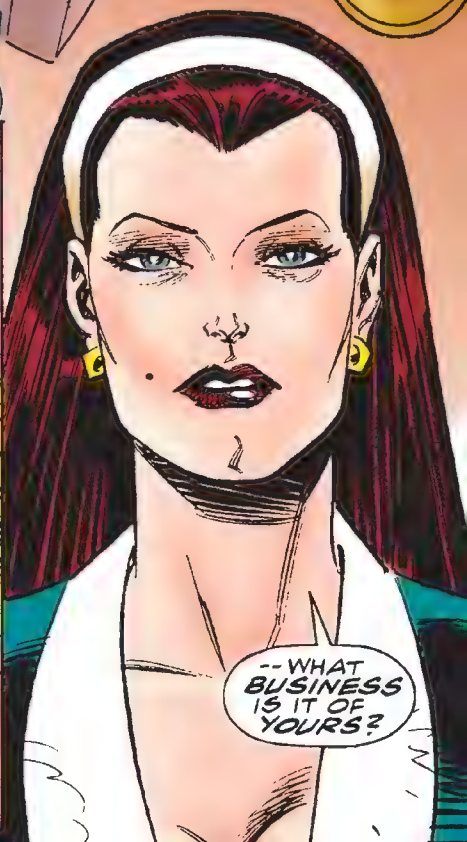
AND YOU'RE SO DRUNK  
ALL THE TIME YOU CAN  
HARDLY REMEMBER YOUR  
OWN NAME.

WELL, I  
REMEMBER  
HER.



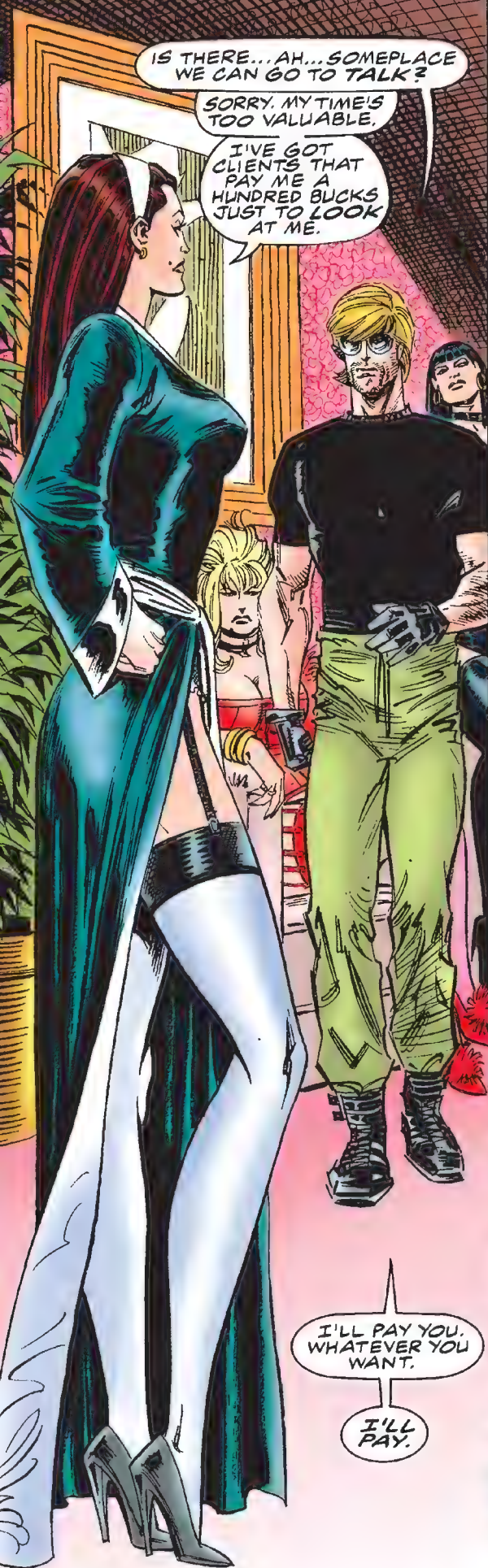
BUT THE  
QUESTION IS,  
MISTER--

WISH I  
COULD TELL  
YA. TRUTH IS,  
IT'S BEEN A  
LONG TIME...  
AN' WE GET  
A PRETTY  
BIG TURN-  
OVER HERE,  
SO--



-- WHAT  
BUSINESS  
IS IT OF  
YOURS?





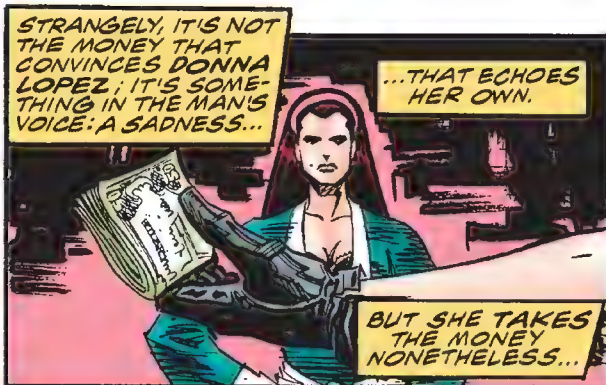
IS THERE... AH... SOMEPLACE WE CAN GO TO TALK?

SORRY. MY TIME'S TOO VALUABLE.

I'VE GOT CLIENTS THAT PAY ME A HUNDRED BUCKS JUST TO LOOK AT ME.

I'LL PAY YOU, WHATEVER YOU WANT.

I'LL PAY.



STRANGELY, IT'S NOT THE MONEY THAT CONVINCES DONNA LOPEZ; IT'S SOMETHING IN THE MAN'S VOICE: A SADNESS...

...THAT ECHOES HER OWN.

BUT SHE TAKES THE MONEY NONETHELESS...



...AND LEADS HIM UP TO THE ROOF.

HER NAME WAS LYL A. SHE WAS NINETEEN YEARS OLD. GREW UP SOMEWHERE OUT IN NEW MEXICO.

SHE WAS RUNNING AWAY FROM A DADDY WHO DIDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DAUGHTER AND A WIFE. CAME TO NEW YORK WITH STARS IN HER EYES... WANTED TO BE A DANCER OR AN ACTRESS.

IN A WAY, SHE ENDED UP BEING BOTH.

YOU WERE GOOD FRIENDS?

THE BEST.

MUST'VE BEEN HARD FOR YOU... WHEN SHE DIED.

AND THAT'S RARE IN THE WORLD I RUN IN.



WHADDA YOU THINK?

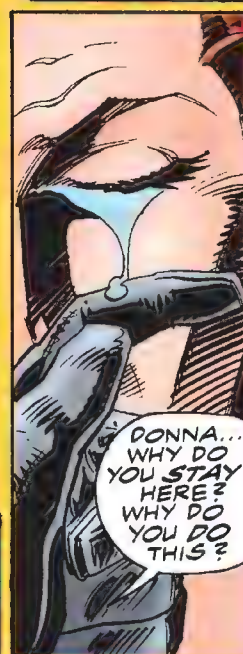
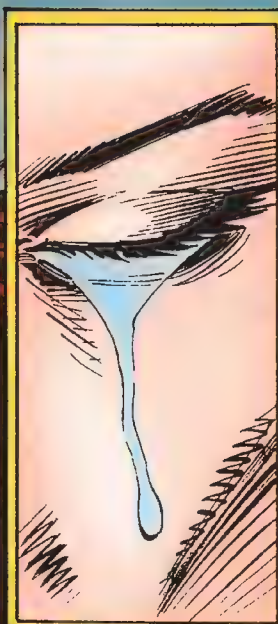
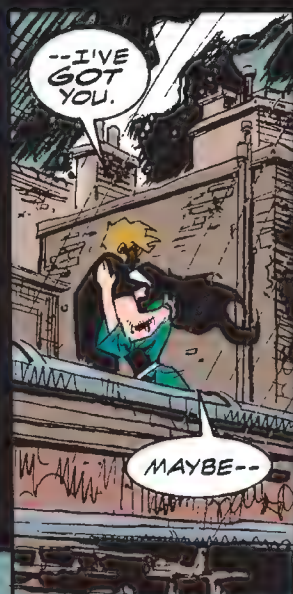
BUT, Y'KNOW, A PART OF ME WAS RELIEVED, TOO.

LYLA WAS SUFFERING. IN SO MUCH PAIN. AT LEAST WHEN SHE HIT THE STREET... HER PAIN WAS OVER.

WHAT? WHY?

HEY-- WATCH YOURSELF BEFORE YOU--









YOU KNOW... IF I HAD FIVE GRAND IN MY POCKET RIGHT NOW, I'D BE OUT OF HERE LIKE A SHOT. I'D TELL BABE AND THE MUSCLEHEADS SHE WORKS FOR TO TAKE THE SAME TRIP OUT THE WINDOW LYLA DID.

I'D GET OUT OF THIS CITY AND THIS STATE... MAYBE EVEN THIS COUNTRY AND MAKE A LIFE FOR MYSELF... A REAL ONE, BUT THAT ISN'T GONNA HAPPEN. NOT TO ME.



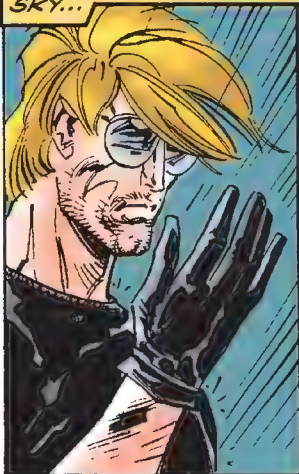
EVER.



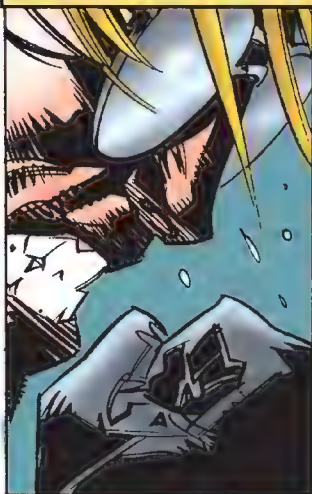
IN A MILLION YEARS.

**SLAM**

HER TEARS ON HIS HAND DISSIPATE... MIX AND TRICKLE AWAY WITH THE DROPS FROM THE SKY...



YET HE STILL FEELS THEM AS IF THEY WERE INDELIBLE... AND THEY BURN.



THEY BURN.





AND HE CRIES... A BIG  
RUSHING UNSTOPPABLE  
FLOOD OF TEARS THAT  
BURNS DOWN HIS FACE  
HIS BODY TREMBLES  
WITH THE COLD AND  
THE LOSS AND THE  
PAIN.

THESE AREN'T HIS TEARS.  
NOT ALL OF THEM. THEY'RE  
DONNA'S TEARS. THIS IS  
HER GRIEF AND PAIN...  
HER AGONY SHE'S CAR-  
RIED IN THE DEPTHS OF  
HER SOUL FOR ALL THESE  
YEARS.

HER MOURNING.

THEIR  
MOURNING.

ONE SMALL DEATH...  
UNNOTICED BY THE  
WORLD, MISSED BY  
ONLY ONE WOMAN.

HOLD ONTO THE  
GRIEF, KID. TAKE IT  
DEEP INSIDE YOU...  
SO DEEP IT'LL BE  
THERE FOREVER.

YET, THE PAIN  
CUTS SO DEEP  
IT'S TEARING  
YOU APART.

LET HER BE  
YOUR GUIDING  
LIGHT, KID. DON'T  
LET HER BE  
FORGOTTEN.





I'LL NEVER FORGET HER. EVER.

WE'LL SEE.



AND WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?

OTHERS? WHAT'RE YOU TALKING--

--ABOUT?

AND SUDDENLY THEY'RE ALL THERE. THE FIXER... THE MAN WHO KILLED MATT'S FATHER. AND NUMEROUS GOONS... DEAD... SOME BEATEN AN INCH PAST THEIR LIVES, BEATEN BY MATT. THE SURPRISE LASTS LESS THAN A SECOND, FOLLOWED BY THAT EMOTIONAL EXHAUSTION HE'S BECOME SO ACCUSTOMED TO.



THESE ARE YOUR DEAD, MATT. THERE HAVEN'T BEEN THAT MANY... YET ONE IS ONE TOO MUCH.

YOU SAW THEM AS WORTHLESS MAGGOTS WHO DESERVED WHAT THEY GOT. BUT NO MAN IS JUST ONE THING, AND NO LIFE CAN BE REDUCED TO A LABEL. EVERY FACELESS THUG YOU BEAT SENSELESS IN AN ALLEY HAS FRIENDS ...FAMILY...

AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THE MOST HEARTLESS AND CRUEL OF THEM ARE CAPABLE OF ACTS OF DECENCY AND KINDNESS.



THE WORDS STING HIM HARD... AND HE EXPLODES. HE PUSHES AWAY FROM THESE GHOSTS OF THE PAST AND JUST WANTS TO DO ONE THING-- SHUT STICK UP!

NO!!!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!! THEY WERE KILLERS!! DRUG DEALERS!! RAPISTS!! CHILD ABUSERS!!

THEY WERE THE WORST SCUM THAT EVER LIVED. THEY DESERVED EVERYTHING THEY GOT!!

AND ALL THE TIME I RAGE... ALL THE TIME I SEE NOTHING BUT VIOLENCE AND FURY AND HATE, STICK STANDS STILL. HE DOESN'T MAKE ONE BLESSED MOVE TO PROTECT HIMSELF AGAINST ME.

AND WHEN I SEE WHAT I HAVE DONE, IT MAKES ME SICK TO MY SOUL. NOT ONLY BECAUSE OF WHAT I'VE DONE TO MY MENTOR AND FRIEND... BUT BECAUSE OF WHAT I WAS DEFENDING-- THE RIGHT TO BRING DOWN TERROR IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE.

STICK, IT'S NOT ALL LIKE THAT. IT'S NOT. I NEVER SET OUT TO KILL ANYONE. THE TIMES IT HAPPENED... IT WAS SELF DEFENSE... OR INNOCENT LIVES AT STAKE. THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY. PLEASE BELIEVE ME.

PLEASE FORGIVE ME...



SIGH: MAYBE.

BUT...

IN YOUR LINE OF WORK, THERE'S GONNA BE TIMES WHERE YOUR BACK'S AGAINST THE WALL... WHEN SOMEONE'S LIFE IS ON THE LINE... AND YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO TAKE SOMEONE OUT...

THERE'S THAT ANIMAL INSIDE OF YOU, MATT... INSIDE OF ALL OF US, THAT ENJOYS THIS. THEY'RE SCUM, RIGHT? THEY DESERVE EVERYTHING THEY GET...

RIGHT?

YOU WANNA FIND YOUR WAY IN THE DARK, BLIND MAN... THEN YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO FEEL THEIR LIVES AND THEIR DEATHS... JUST AS DEEPLY AS YOU FEEL THAT GIRL'S.

EVERY TIME THERE'S A CHOICE TO BE MADE... EVERY TIME THE POSSIBILITY ARISES TO TAKE ANOTHER MAN'S LIFE...

YOU BETTER BE PREPARED TO TAKE ON THE WEIGHT OF HIS SOUL.

YOU WANT ATONEMENT, KID... WELL, THIS IS THE PLACE TO START.



AND HE DOES FEEL IT. THE PAIN AND STRUGGLE OF EACH PERSON HE'S HURT. THE PENE-  
NENCY IN EVEN THE WORST OF THE MEN HE'S BEATEN DOWN AND FORGOTTEN. EVERY SOUL, NO MATTER HOW DARK CARRIES SOME SPARK OF THE LIGHT.

JUST AS HIS SOUL HOLDS SO MUCH DARKNESS INSIDE. ALL OF THEM BLIND, WALKING IN DARKNESS. IT'S OVERWHELMING. THEIR SOULS CARRY TOO MUCH WEIGHT.

NOOO!!

TOO MUCH PAIN.  
TOO MUCH SORROW.

IT'S TOO MUCH KNOWLEDGE FOR ONE MAN TO BEAR.

IF THIS IS HIS ROAD TO PENANCE, THEN HE DOESN'T WANT--

EYE

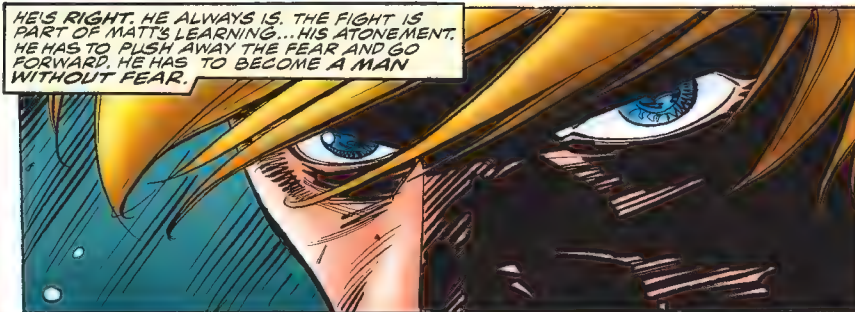


THE CHASTE... STANDING LIKE  
SPECTRES IN THE RAIN. STANDING  
IN HIS WAY, LIKE THEY DON'T WANT  
HIM TO PASS. HE'S AFRAID... THAT  
HE DOESN'T HAVE THE STRENGTH ANY-  
MORE... THE ENERGY... THE WILL.

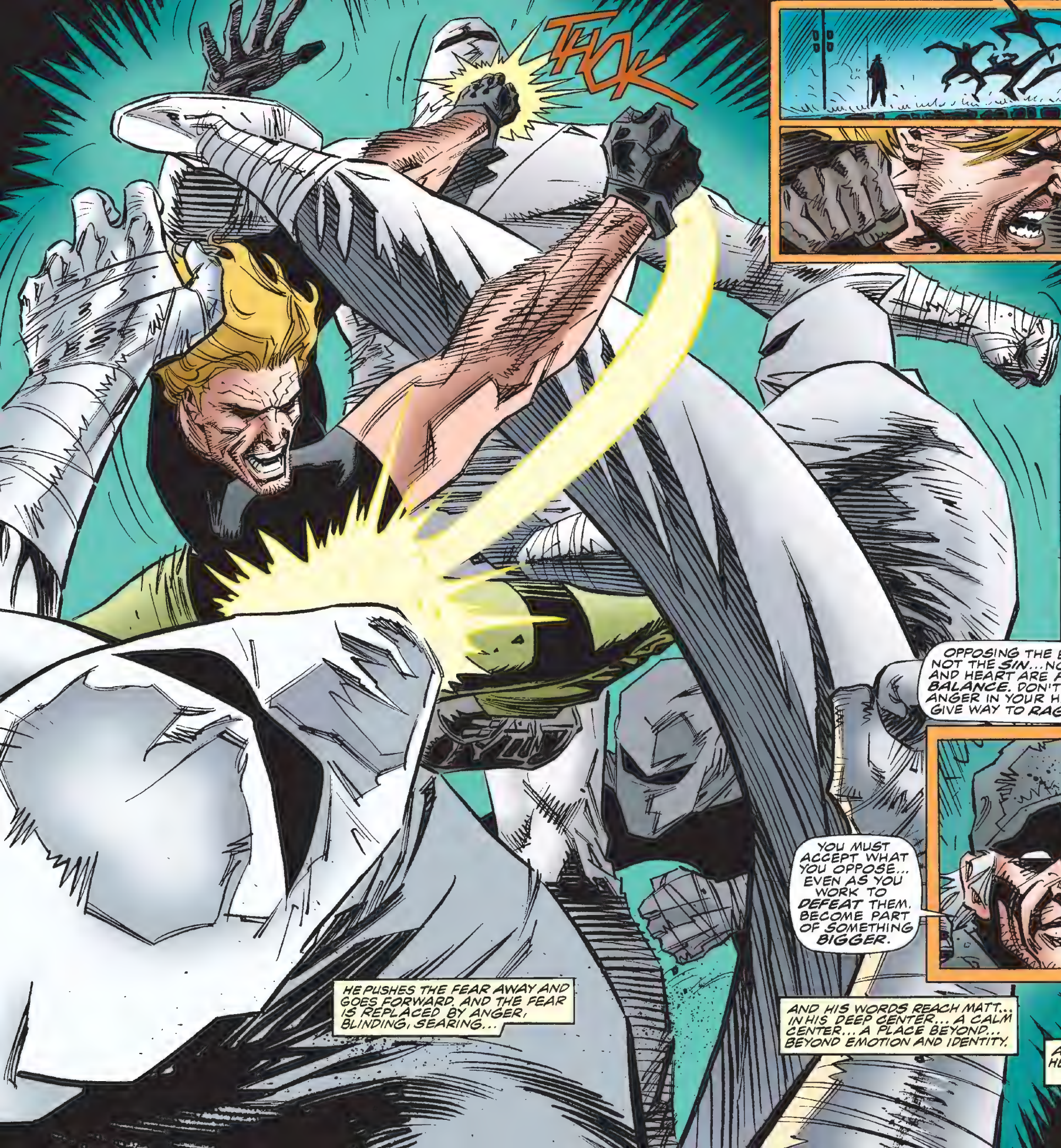
AND HE'S BECOME AFRAID  
OF THE TRUTH... THAT  
THERE ARE NO EXITS IN  
HIS LIFE.



HE'S RIGHT. HE ALWAYS IS. THE FIGHT IS  
PART OF MATT'S LEARNING... HIS ATONEMENT.  
HE HAS TO PUSH AWAY THE FEAR AND GO  
FORWARD. HE HAS TO BECOME A MAN  
WITHOUT FEAR.



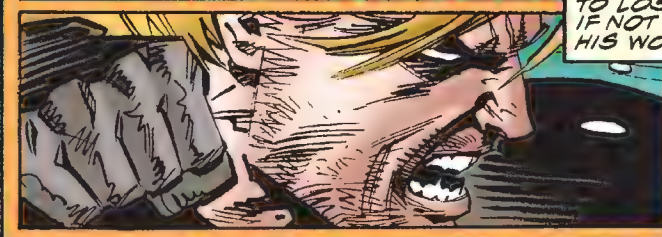




TAK



...RECKLESS. HE STARTS TO LOSE GROUND FAST. IF NOT FOR STICK AND HIS WORDS...



YOU GOTTA BE A NEW WAY, KID... SEE A NEW WAY IF YOU EXPECT TO GO FORWARD.

YOU GOTTA EMBRACE THE NEW. DON'T BE LOST TO THE SUFFERING OF THE PAST.



OPPOSING THE ENEMY IS NOT THE SIN... NOT IF THE MIND AND HEART ARE PURE AND IN BALANCE. DON'T FIGHT WITH ANGER IN YOUR HEART. DON'T GIVE WAY TO RAGE AND HATE.

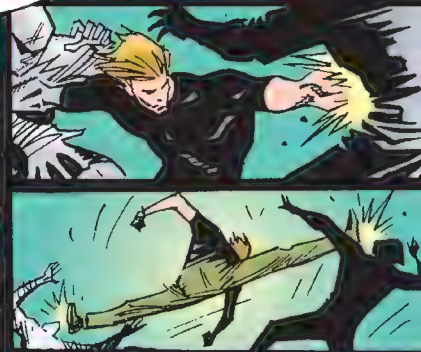


AND DON'T EVER REDUCE THE ENEMY TO A FACELESS EVIL. UNDERSTAND THE FORCES THAT SHAPED THEM... JUST AS YOU TRY TO UNDERSTAND WHAT SHAPED YOUR OWN SELF.

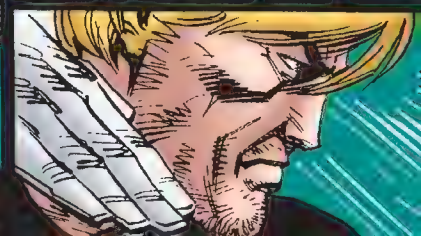
YOU MUST ACCEPT WHAT YOU OPPOSE... EVEN AS YOU WORK TO DEFEAT THEM. BECOME PART OF SOMETHING BIGGER.

AND HIS WORDS REACH MATT... IN HIS DEEP CENTER... A CALM CENTER... A PLACE BEYOND... BEYOND EMOTION AND IDENTITY.

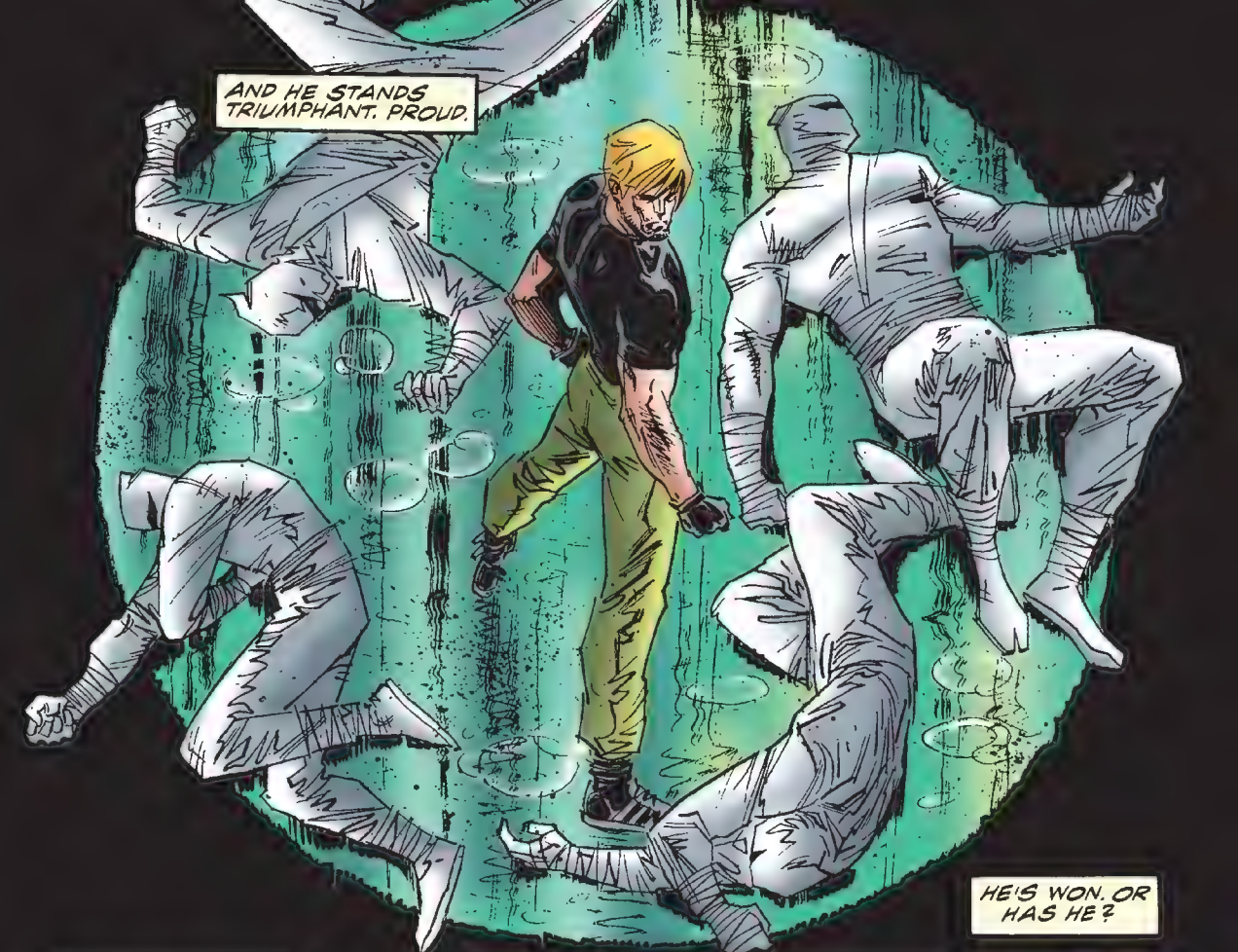
HE PUSHES THE FEAR AWAY AND GOES FORWARD. AND THE FEAR IS REPLACED BY ANGER, BLINDING, SEARING...



AND IN THIS CALMNESS HE BEGINS THE NEW FIGHT. COOL. EFFICIENT.








AND HE STANDS  
TRIUMPHANT. PROUD.


HE'S WON. OR  
HAS HE?



PRETTY PROUD OF  
YOURSELF, AREN'T  
YOU? WELL, GOOD.  
YOU SHOULD BE.  
YOU'RE LISTENING,  
KID. MAYBE EVEN  
SEEING.



DON'T STOP NOW.  
IT'S GETTING  
GOOD.



THE SIGHT OF THE FOUR MEN... HIMSELF TIMES  
FOUR... RUSHING TO FIGHT HIM... UNNERVES HIM  
QUICKLY. TOTALLY. SUDDENLY HE LOSES THE CALM  
CENTER HE FOUGHT SO HARD TO GAIN.



HE'S NOT THE ZEN WARRIOR.  
HE'S THE LITTLE BOY STICK  
TOOK UNDER HIS WINGS  
ALL THOSE YEARS AGO.

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR  
BECOMES OVERWHELMED  
BY RAW TERROR.



HE RUNS.



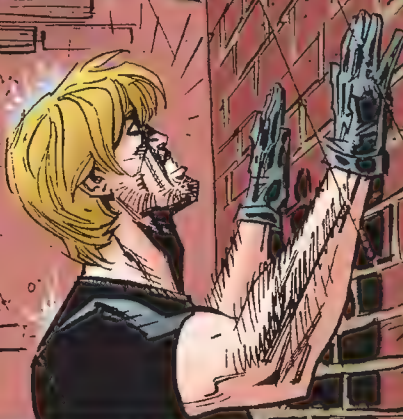
AND  
RUNS.

AND  
RUNS.

PURSUED THROUGH THE  
RAIN-DRENCHED STREETS  
BY DAREDEVILS OF HIS  
OWN MAKING...RUNNING  
TOWARDS THE ONLY POS-  
SIBLE DESTINATION.



BACK AGAINST THE  
WALL. THE END.



GO AWAY, DAMN YOU!!  
GO AWAY!!

THEY DON'T MOVE. OF COURSE, THEY'LL  
COME AFTER HIM, AND OVERTAKE HIM  
...AND HE KNOWS THE RESULT WILL BE  
ANOTHER MENTAL BREAKDOWN.

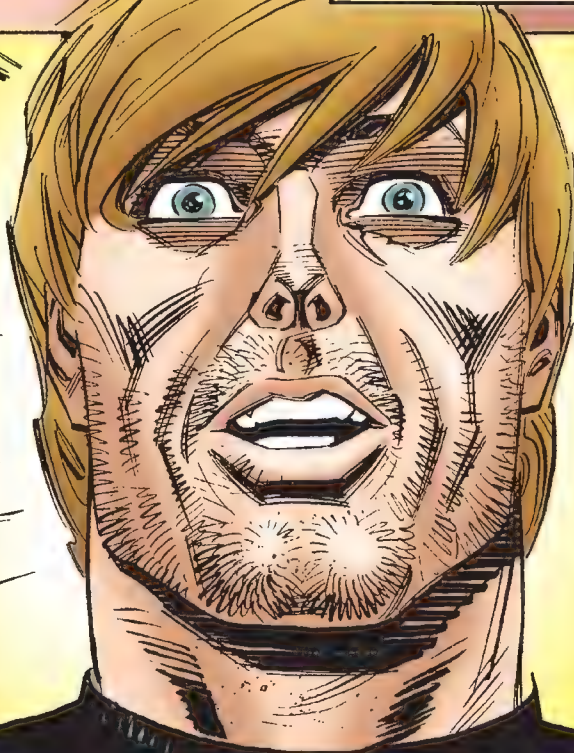
ONLY THIS TIME IT WILL BE MUCH WORSE.  
THIS TIME HIS IDENTITY WILL FRAGMENT  
INTO A THOUSAND PIECES.

HE'LL BE LOST IN WHITE OBLIVION... FOREVER.

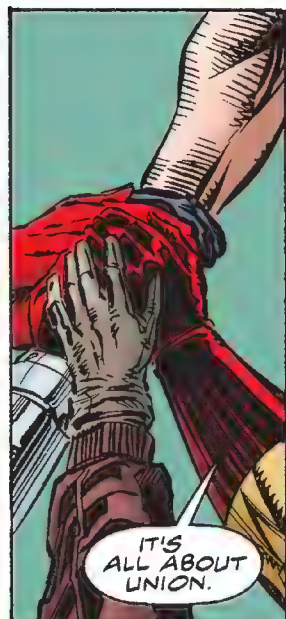
BUT HE'LL GO  
DOWN FIGHTING,  
DAMMIT. HE'LL--

AND SUDDENLY THE  
DOOR OPENS IN HIS  
MIND. HE SEES.

HE  
UNDERSTANDS.





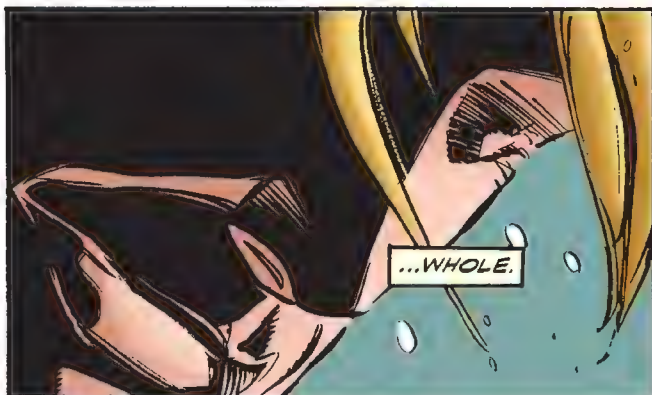


HE ACCEPTS. THE SAME KIND OF UNION HE NEEDS TO SEEK WHEN FACING THE ENEMY... THE UNION HE NEEDS TO ACCEPT WHEN HE FACES HIMSELF.

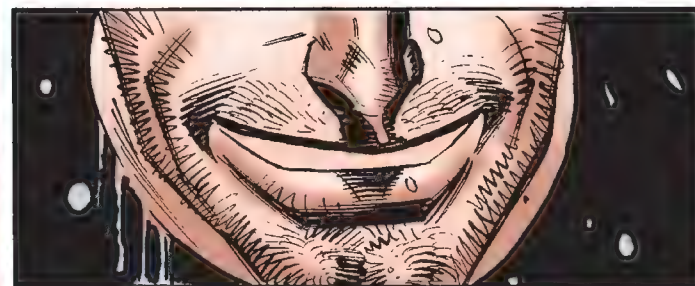
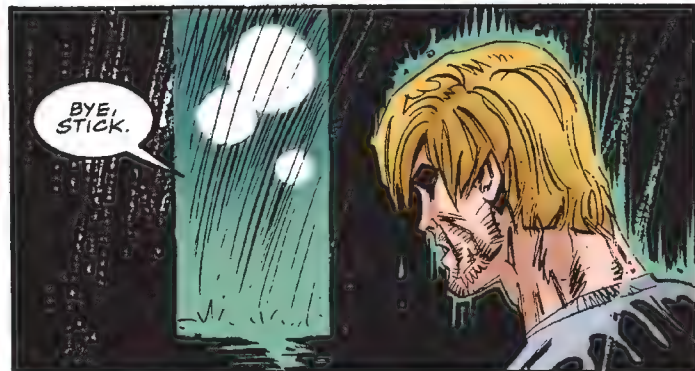
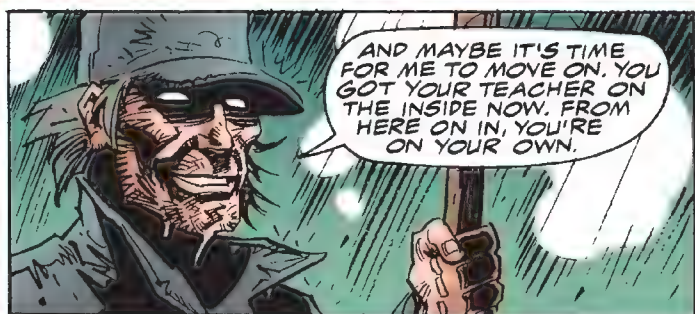
NO ANGER. NO BLOODLUST. JUST AN ACCEPTANCE... A LOVE...

AND HE TAKES HIS OTHER SELVES INTO HIM, TAKING IN ALL THAT COMES WITH THEM... THEIR PAIN AND CONFUSION, DONNA'S PAIN AND GRIEF, AND THE CHAIN OF SUFFERING THAT RESULTS FROM KILLING FACELESS THUGS. ALL OF IT.

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE HE IS...







EVEN THOUGH PART OF HIM FEELS SORROW AT THE THOUGHT THAT THIS MIGHT BE THE LAST TIME HE'LL SEE HIS MENTOR, HE CAN STILL HARDLY CONTAIN THE PLEASURE OF THE MOMENT... THE JOY OF THE DISCOVERY.

AND AS THE RAIN WASHES OVER HIM, HE WASHES AWAY THE PAIN OF HIS PAST. FINALLY, FROM THE MUCK OF HIS LIFE, HE'S FINALLY FOUND THE MOST IMPORTANT THING OF ALL...

...HIMSELF.



KAREN PAGE'S APARTMENT BUILDING. SUNRISE.

WELL, IT DOES MAKE A STRANGE KIND OF SENSE.

THE WHOLE BREAKDOWN...YOUR MIND WAS TRYING TO FIGHT ITS WAY BACK TO SOME SEMBLANCE OF SANITY AND BALANCE...

SO IT MUST HAVE CREATED STICK AND THE OTHER DAREDEVILS, THE CHASTE... ALL THOSE GHOSTS OF THE PAST... ALL OF IT... SO THAT YOU COULD RECONCILE THEM AND HEAL YOURSELF.

CHOMP... CHOMP... UH HUM... CHOMP... SOUNDS GOOD...

EXCEPT FOR STICK. WITH HIM YOU NEVER REALLY KNOW...

WHATEVER REALLY HAPPENED... IT'S OVER... AND I'M BACK.

YES, YOU ARE.

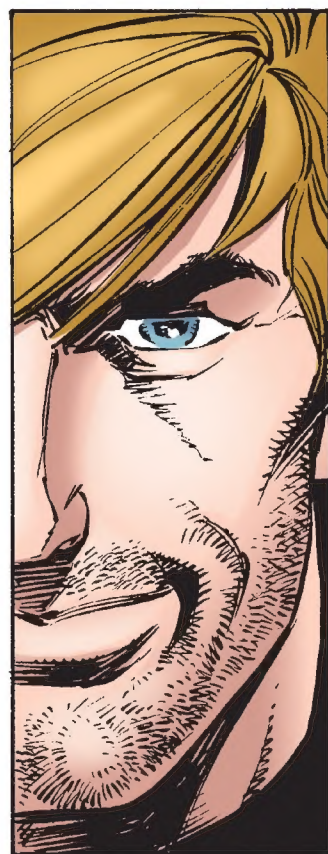
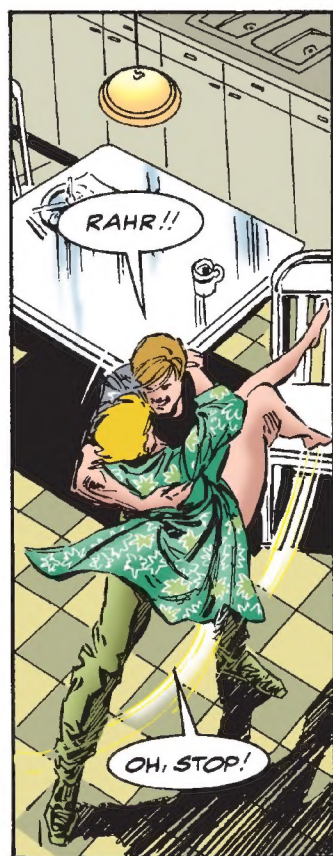
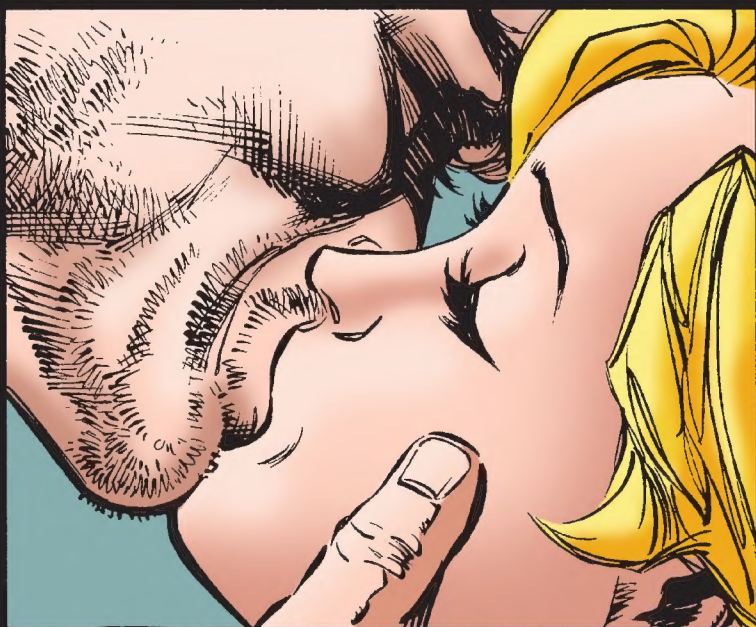
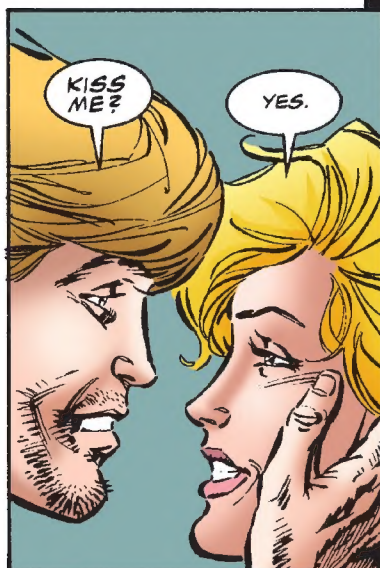
MISS ME?

YES, I DID.

DANCE WITH ME?

HEH HEH... YES, I WILL.







NIGHT.  
THE CITY.

THE URBAN HEAVEN.  
THE URBAN HELL.

THE SHADOWY FIGURE  
BURSTS INTO THE NIGHT...  
FLINGING HIMSELF FROM  
ROOFTOP TO ROOFTOP...  
HIS HOME... THE STREETS.

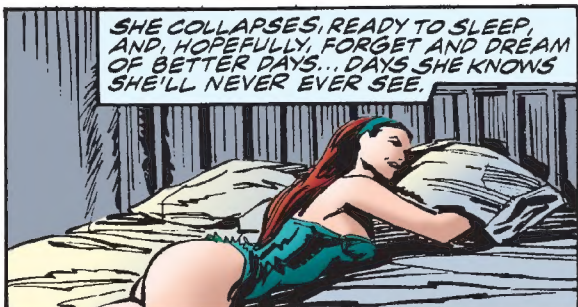
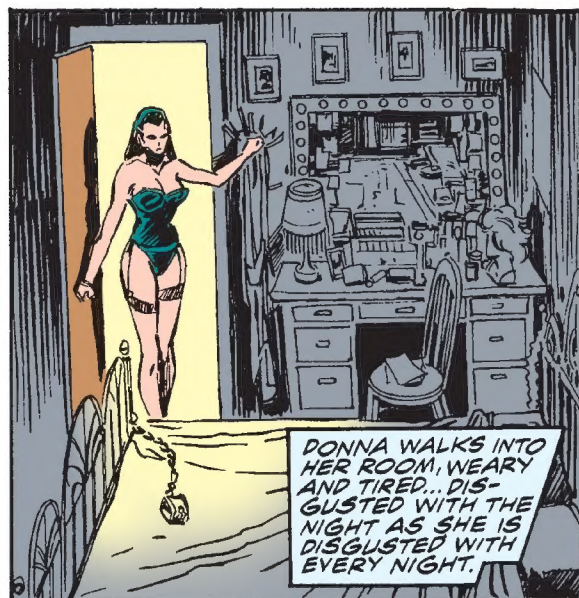
THE ANGEL OF THE  
CITY. THE DEMON  
OF THE CITADEL.

A HERO OF DIGNITY,  
HUMOR AND HUMANITY.  
THIS IS WHERE HE CAME  
FROM. THIS IS WHERE  
HE'S GOING.

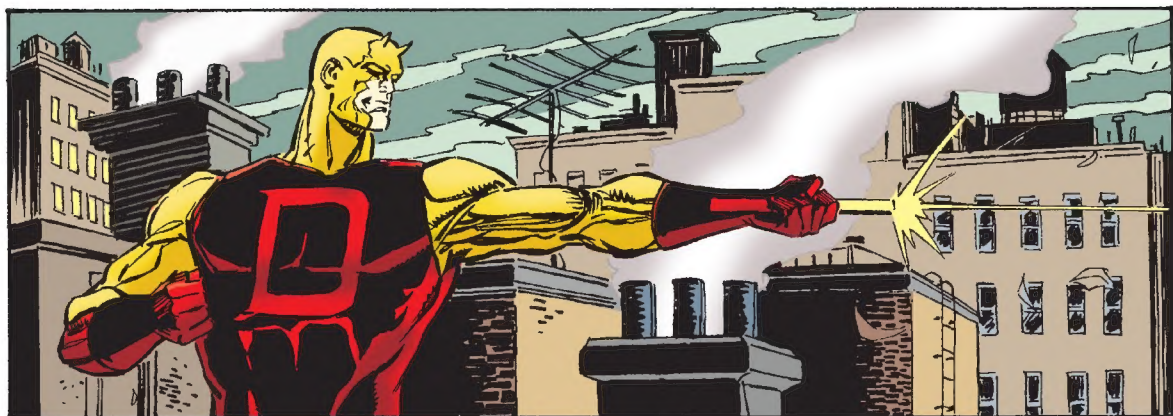
PARADEVIL, THE  
MAN WITHOUT  
FEAR.

WAGNER  
REINHOLD  
1995









THE END.